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Left at five o'clock; an hour in a rattletrap carriage. At----------the road ends. We pass over a shaky and bent wooden bridge. The mules loaded with our duffel and blankets ford the stream. Immediately afterward the path climbs into the mountains.

At six o'clock we encounter the Jabiru, who, having left Seo de Urgel at three, gets out of another old carriage just as we are arriving. The Jabiru is traveling with his son. While our friend Eugene Rouart is discovering that he and the Jabiru have interesting friends in common, lehl and I agree to see in him the well-characterized representative of a species — a species that certain psychologist friends of ours have been attempting to define for some time; recently baptized by the charming caricaturist Georges Delaw, it belongs to the family of stilt-birds. The Jabiru most often has a pointed beak; yet the example before us has a spatulate beak, which leads us to seek elsewhere the distinctive signs of the Jabiru. It has been left to our epoch to fix them once and for all, since up to now the species has remained vague and vacillating between two or three settled types from which it is now differentiating itself. I encourage lehl to write the history of the Jabiru's evolution; already we are defining some of the essential features.

The Jabiru's conversation is rather difficult to report, for each of his sentences bears the mark of impersonality.

The Jabiru never uses anything but the proper word.

The Jabiru loathes the banal, but he flees the tragic.

We note that the obliging qualities of the spatulate variety are limitless; thanks to Rouart's friendships, his kindness even extends to offering us a place in the automobile that is going to meet the Jabiru at Bourg-Madame.

Every boarding-house table that respects itself has its Jabiru; you rarely meet more than one Jabiru per table.

The Jabiru is never aware of the bad impression he makes.

The Jabiru has studied law; is a lawyer, but, because of a weak voice, never exercises his profession in court.

The Jabiru never travels without his kodak.

The Jabiru prefers to the Basque sandals that I renew in Belver the mountaineer's iron-studded boots.

The little Jabiru is riding a donkey; he stops on the way and takes Ms time because the oil in the cooking has somewhat loosened his bowels.

Arrival in Belver, where we shall lunch. lehl and I are letting the caravan go on without us. The Jabiru learns with disapproval of our intention to bathe in the canal at the foot of the hffl on which the tovm stands. Far from the Jabiru's sight, we get undressed in a meadow under the willows, between the stream and a shallow but rather rapid ~~canal,~~